THE DEMONSTRATOR.

A WEEKLY PERIODICAL OF FACT, THOUGHT AND COMMENT.

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WHERE NEXT?

'Tis peace, they say, o'er the Afric plains;
'Tis peace on the Carib coast;
Peace in the Orient islands reigns;
Quiet each ardent host:
But armies and fleets await employ—
With rumors the air is vexed;
Aye, mother, cling to your only boy!
Where will the war be next?

Peace—and the German eagle peers
And opens his greedy maw!
Peace—and the bear of the bleak frontiers
Stretches with greedy paw!
Peace—but the ships of steel increase
And statesmen watch, perplexed!
What is the thing we folk term "peace"?
Where will the war be next?

Plan, you wise, for a world-wide court,
Where nations shall plead their right—
And this the pitiful, sole resort
When honor or lust says "Fight"?
When "On!" is pealed from the trumpet's throat
And "Glory" the rifle's text,
And the flags high float to the drum's stern note?
Where will the war be next?
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Leslie's Weekly.

THE REAL OBJECT OF LIFE.

In the same way as the metaphysical conceptions of a universal spirit, Nature-God, the aim of existence, and so on, have been brushed aside by the materialistic philosophy of today, while the embryos of generalizations concealed beneath these misty terms are being translated into the concrete language of natural science, so we Anarchists proceed in dealing with the facts of social life. Here, also, we try to sweep away the metaphysical cobwebs, and to see what embryos of generalizations, if any, may have been concealed beneath all sorts of misty words.—Kropotkin, Modern Science and Anarchism.

There is a widespread notion that human life, in contradistinction to that of the animals and plants, has a distant and final aim, or, as some call it, an object. The final aim, it is supposed, would be frustrated by death if another stage of existence were not to follow; if, in fact, death were DEATH, instead of a mere break in the continuity of a particular phase or stage of life. And the caterpillar and chrysalis and butterfly are cited as analogies in point. And the assumption and corollary is adduced as a strong argument in proof of a life beyond the grave—immortality.

What is the good, it is asked, of our efforts to acquire knowledge and skill, of our efforts to govern our impulses and passions, to perfect individual character and improve social life, to strive after refinement and a comprehension of the universe, and so on, if death—which may come at any moment, early or late—by a stray bullet, a few microbes, a runaway horse, a twisted nail, or a falling brick; what is the good if death is to frustrate all these efforts, if, in short, all the partial progress we have made in this or that direction is to fail of fruition and to come to a premature end?

It might be asked—and the question would be equally pertinent—what is the good of building a house or city if an earthquake or conflagration, or a shower of volcanic ashes, a stream of molten lava, or a tidal wave may at any moment destroy both house and city and the inhabitants thereof, and thus bring to naught the labor of months and years? And this is no far-fetched fancy, no impossible or unlikely occurrence. Over and over again this fate of destruction has overtaken both single houses and populous cities.

Now, the answer is not to be sought from afar, but is near at hand; it is not written in hidden cypher, but in characters easy to read. ACTIVITY, EFFORT, DOING is life. The essence of life—the thing itself—is motion, change. In the acquisition of knowledge, in exertion of the will, and performance; in the building of houses and the founding of cities, in efforts to attain this desired good, or to avoid that evil, we find our satisfactions. In adapting ourselves to things and people around us, in loving and (even) hating, in building up and tearing down, in eating and sleeping, in seeking food, in making clothes to wear and in wearing them, in planting vineyards and eating and drinking the fruit thereof, OUR LIFE CONSISTS. Its purpose and aim, its object is fulfilled each moment, and cannot by any happening be frustrated.

Seeing, then, that in the doing of these things which make up life we find our pleasure; how shall the object of life be frustrated by death? Let the results—the formed products of our activities be destroyed never so early, never so completely, the pleasure we have enjoyed in the doing can never be taken away.

Look at the matter in another light: Suppose for a moment that we could, by a great length of life, complete our knowledge and culture, acquire all conceivable skill, subdue nature completely to our purposes and requirements; in short, realize fully our ideals. What then? Should not life have lost its charm, its raison d'etre, its very essence? Would not, in fact, life cease, in the absence of anything new and beyond?

Remember that consciousness—which after all is the "real thing" in life—is a concomitant or result of change; that change—the result of movement, activity—is the condition on which experience (consciousness) depends. The mere statement of the terms of the problem involves an inference that an end or ultimate object of life is to the individual impossible.

"Art for art's sake!" what does it mean? It must and can only mean this, namely: in the pleasure of imagining and the satisfaction of executing—embodying—his conceptions lies the incentive to, and the reward of, the artist's work; and every maker of things is an artist. The phrase is opposed to the commercial spirit, which, while pretending to cultivate and worship the beautiful and useful, looks only or mainly to the acquisition of gain, money, distinction, fame or power. It condemns the betrayal of the master for so many pieces of silver.

In like manner, "Life for life's sake" means that, in living, the individual shall find the good of life, and the reward of his labors. Whether it be in the actual satisfaction of desires, or in present renunciation to secure a higher good in the (proximate) future, he shall reap the reward of life daily and hourly, without reference to the approval of others, or to any shadowy future of final reckoning. The Nazarene teacher doubtless had this in mind when he said: "Do not your alms before men, to be seen of them:" that is, do alms for the pleasure and satisfaction accompanying and flowing from beneficence. Beneficence for beneficence sake, and not for the applause of your fellows. The Pharisee too, it must not be forgotten, has his reward—the applause of men; and the painter who paints a picture as per order from a rich patron, or the sculptor who models and chisels a statue for sale, these, too, have their respective rewards; but these are [illegible] the rewards of conscious success in their several lines; not the artist's reward, but the tradesman's.

The writer of a book which embodies his ideas of art, philosophy, ethics or poesy, reaps his reward in the doing of his work and in its contemplation when completed, although he may never sell a single copy, or receive a dollar in pay.

What then shall we say is the purpose or aim of life? In keeping with the foregoing reflections, the only reply possible is: Life itself! Purpose? Do we eat—deliberately—in order to live; or because of desire for food and to experience the pleasures of eating, to enjoy the sight and odor and taste of flesh and fruit and wine, to appease hunger and thirst? These impulses and enjoyments are part of our life; in satisfying the former, and experiencing the latter, we live now; and in living now we make possible the coming now. The same argument applies to the begetting and bearing and nurture of children; it is not done of deliberation, but of impulse—irresistible—and brings its own reward.

In eating and working, in seeing and hearing, in marrying and burying, in begetting and nourishing children, we live now; and thus make possible the becoming now. Did you ever think how, indeed, all of life is a continual now—no past, for it is present in memory now; no future, for all that we have of that is in the imagination, and that is with us now. So, what we call the past is the more or less blurred or faded parts of the picture before us; and what we call the future is the fast looming up parts of the same view. The two, past and future, as they meet in the center are vivid in color, sharp in outline, definite in movement, for a moment, and then give place momently to the succeeding scenes. So, onward to the end. Purpose we individuals may have in our lives: One wishes to found a family, another to travel over the world, a third thirsts for glory or riches or knowledge, and it is his purpose to find and acquire the one or the other; a fourth wishes to write a book or to make a machine, or to discover a perpetuum mobile, and his purpose in life is to do one or the other. But purpose in the cosmos, that is a different matter; and the less we say of it, the less shall we display our ignorance.

The sum of the whole matter then is this; life is for the satisfaction of our wants, for enjoyment—which must be caught on the wing. There are enjoyments and enjoyments; where there is opportunity for choice choose the higher, the better and best. And remember to avoid enjoyment at the cost of some other person's disenjoyment. But despise not the enjoyments of the flesh—so called. The flesh is always in evidence in life, and we know no spirit save in association with flesh (matter). The ethics of eastern people's religious teachers—founded, as it would appear, on an experience of the effects—exhaustion and disg[illegible] in indulgence in the pleasures of the table, the harem and wine cup, and in neglect of work—should not be the ethics of a people who have learned to be moderate, and to alternate work and repose and to vary their enjoyments so as to give satisfaction to the whole nature, and to found their scheme of life on justice and equitable association. Give the whole being a chance, body and soul! Warm both hands at the fire of life. Remember, too, that the soul can only enjoy itself by the use of the body. Even imagination, the pleasures of introspection and ecstacy are dependent on the functioning of a certain portion of the body for its existence and occurrence; and the same must be affirmed of those pleasures — music and others, which minister to an emotional nature.

And while it may not be wise to refuse a certain "taking thought for the morrow," it is yet proper and imperative to refuse and avoid permitting that "thought" to poison the experience of today. For the morrow, which seems so near, may never dawn. TODAY is. Here, as elsewhere in the conduct of life, compromise, moderation, temperance, is the path of highest wisdom; and the wise will find their reward in walking therein. GEO. PYBURN.

Laborers are those who earn an honest living by the use of either mind or muscle. Capitalists are idlers who prey upon those who toil, by collecting rents, interest and profits.

The record of many a so-called illusion is a monument unconsciously erected to the faithful ones.—Ex.

Whenever the child gets old enough to thrash the parent, the parent adopts arbitration.—Verity.

Ignorance is man's greatest persecutor.—Verity.

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DEMONSTRATIVE.

If there is such a thing as blasphemy, Stanford University is making a strong bid for supremacy in this direction. Carven in stone on its new Memorial Church is the legend, ridiculous in its contemptibleness to the Atheist, monstrous in its sacrilegious collocation to the believer in a God: "Erected to the Glory of God and the Memory of Leland Stanford." Even Dr. Jordan never more vilely exhibited his characteristic sycophancy. God is held up to us by believers as a being worthy of love and worship; while Leland Stanford represents all that is most cruel and unscrupulous in the acquisition of inordinate wealth. He was a labor crusher of the most unrelenting [illegible] whose untiring greed recked nothing of the bitter privations of the real authors of his stolen wealth. His ill-gotten millions were amassed by cunning and heartless methods which left in their train thousands of broken hearts and blighted lives. He hated the workingmen over whose heads he cracked the lash of slavery; and they execrated him living, as today they abhor his memory. He was an enemy to all that breathes of human brotherhood and social justice. At his death, he thought to bribe posterity into flattery by establishing a university which should bear his name and condone his crimes. His worthy widow—worthy of such a cold-blooded and hypocritical scoundrel—has eagerly borne her part in carrying out his intentions. Today, it is a disgrace to be connected in any way with this most servile of professedly educational institutions. In its horror of academic freedom, it has made haste to purge itself of its most honest and outspoken professors, and has waged unrelenting war against free speech and intellectual honesty. No excellence in scholarship can atone for this black dishonor.

The eagerness of the church to find a religious pretext for ignoring human rights is no new phenomenon. Fifty years ago, chattel slavery was preached as a divine institution. When this pet infamy was overthrown, this same shameless ecclesiastical body wanted to claim the credit for the accomplishment of what it had striven so hard to prevent. At the present day, race prejudice—the absolute denial of that spiritual unity which Christianity boasts of inculcating—finds its most uncompromising advocates among the self-seeking timeservers who occupy the pulpits of Christian churches. The medley of disgusting superstition, bad logic and unwinking hypocrisy by which the church fans the flames of bigoted racial conceit is almost beyond belief. It is a Bible house which publishes that unspeakably atrocious work: "The Negro a Beast." It is a Baptist preacher, Rev. A. C. Dixon, who in his novel, "The Leopard's Spots," exerts his utmost ingenuity to overthrow the foundation of justice, and take away all hope of advancement from the colored race. And now comes another Baptist clergyman, Rev. Dr. W. W. Landrum, who speaks for himself and his Christian (?) brethren as follows:

"By common consent, North and South, he is today not so much the ward of the nation as the charity pupil of Southern Christianity and patriotism. Politically, as the recent decisions of the Supreme Court clearly demonstrate, the negro disappears. Socially, whatever abortive attempts may be put forth in Washington to reverse racial instincts, the negro is universally shut out of Anglo-Saxon homes.

"Industrially, educationally, religiously, the black man may expect to receive not only justice, but generosity at the hands of the silent South. The sectional conscience awakes to find a new door of opportunity to do rational and helpful work for the inferior race, now that his political and social subordination are preached by the saints, sages and statesmen of the country from one end to the other. For the first time since reconstruction the silent South feels the force of noblesse oblige.

"All Americans, unless there be one in the highest place in the nation who conspicuously dissents, having agreed to let the South settle the social relations of the negro according to its own code of ethics and time-honored conventionality, the South, the silent South at all events, that eschews partisan politics except in some sectional crisis, warms with fresh philanthropic zeal for the negro's welfare. With social equality exploded as worse than fantastic and foolish, aye, positively unwise and wicked, the moral and religious reserves of the South will don the uniform and heroically fight for the black man's uplifting.

"Southern conservatism on the negro question can never be understood except in the light of its history. First of all, in the light of its religious history. Slavery was once preached as a divine institution. Abolitionism and Atheism once meant the same thing. Stonewall Jackson's courage was born of the conviction that he was engaged in a holy war. All Southerners are, at bottom, as religious as the Boers of Africa. This fact has been too often overlooked. It is meaningful.

"Today Southern people are the most literalistic and the most conservative body of Christians in the world. God's providence, they concede, has overthrown slavery and they bow before his sovereign will to that extent.

"God's choice of the Anglo-Saxon race as the elect of mankind they maintain with a deathless grasp. Anglo-Saxon in the dictionary of the pious Southerner means modern Israel.

"For two and a half centuries they learned the doctrine at their mother's knees, and drank it in with their mother's milk. To this hour the doctrine beats in the blood.

"Absolute supremacy on the part of the white people they believe to be a duty they owe to God. Infidelity, in this sphere, is the unpardonable sin. No Protestant pastor nor Catholic priest could for a moment hold his office if his parishioners suspected him of a most remote tendency toward anything that smacked of negro social equality.

"Newspapers have little, if anything, to say on this aspect of the negro question, but it is paramount and universal. Disloyalty to social separation between the two races is a crime against God, according to the rock-bottom convictions of the religious population, which is the controlling leaven of Southern citizenship. The negro question is fundamentally a religious question. Hence southern sensitiveness concerning it."

Any reader ought to be able to supply comment on the foregoing avowal of race bigotry. The "sensitiveness" of "the most literalistic and the most conservative body of Christians in the world," which causes them to resent any plea for human rights, is characteristic of their kind in all ages. The greatest villains in the world have always posed as extremely sensitive to adverse criticism. It may be said that northern preachers would take a very different stand. But that fact in itself proves the worthlessness of the church as a moral guide. Instead of leading men and women to higher ideals, it merely reflects current social opinion. It is one thing today and another tomorrow, one thing in the North and another in the South, anything for popularity with the ruling classes. Unstable as water, it shall not prevail; and the gradual dying out of its influence needs no other explanation than that afforded by its own conduct. An intelligent reformer may be a Christian; he cannot logically attach himself to the church.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies recently held its national convention, and took occasion to show its teeth as an enemy of free speech. Among other resolutions, it had the incredible insolence to DEMAND (!) "the exclusion from public libraries of books that are offensive and erroneous to the treatment of Catholic doctrines and practice." Does not this pass [illegible] bounds of patience? These societies, representing the sentiment of the Catholic church in this country DEMAND the right to control our libraries; and they are not far from having their way. They would impose on the entire American people the barbarous Index Expurgotorius to which they trust as a means of keeping their own deluded followers in darkness and ignorance. And yet the nation slumbers on the menace to free speech. The public library of New London, Connecticut, actually refused, even as a present, several standard Socialist works, including Karl Marx's "Capital." The prostitution of public libraries to the service of the ruling class is one of the most subtle and despicable phases of the conspiracy against free speech.

Socialism, in my mind is coming to stay; not even the mail-fisted emperor of Germany can stem it much longer. Don't make the mistake, friends, that I once did of classing Socialism with Anarchism. They are as far apart as wisdom and ignorance. "Examine all things; hold fast to that which is good." —Mental Advocate.

The foregoing is from the pen of "Dr." Paul Edwards, the man who wrote the unjust article, "The Awful Fate of Erring Women," and then was too cowardly to discuss the issue he himself had raised. His slur on Anarchism will not, therefore, carry much weight. What a pity that he will not take his own advice, and learn something about a subject, before pronouncing on it.

In Denver, Col., as well as other cities, they are arresting Socialists for speaking on the street corners, although the Salvation Army is allowed to obstruct traffic, and to make the night hideous with its atrociously unmusical instruments and loud caterwauling. Free assemblage is coming to be almost as much a myth as free press and free mails. The Socialists deserve all support in their fight for free speech. They would have more sympathy, however, if they showed more inclination to defend the rights of others, instead of ignoring the principle of free speech until they themselves are attacked.

By the way, are all who read this members of the Free Speech League? Every single one of you ought to be. It is the only organization founded expressly to fight this gigantic battle all along the line. If you will not lift a finger for freedom, you deserve to be enslaved. If you care anything to arouse public sentiment in behalf of freedom of expression as the greatest lever of social progress, look at the head of this department, and send your dollar to Dr. Foote TODAY. Make it more if you can, as a partial atonement for neglecting your duty so long.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

LITERATURE.

[Under this head, it is proposed to comment on our exchanges and on current literature of a thought provoking tendency. Books and pamphlets sent me will be impartially reviewed.]

In "The Slavery of Our Times," Leo Tolstoi has presented a powerful arraignment of the existing order of things. He has scraped the varnish from our sham civilization, and shown the wretched materials of which it is constructed. His indictment, that things are exalted above men and women, is terribly borne out by the facts. Mammon and Moloch have become one in our age; and a fearful human tribute is exacted by the merciless deity. For show, we sacrifice substance; for seeming luxury, we submit to actual degradation; for supposed improvements, we wreck our own lives. We are worshiping a fetich, and letting go the opportunity for real happiness. And to what end? Why do we condemn ourselves to this everlasting treadmill? Tolstoi points out the blighting influence of authority in destroying all correct appreciation of values. It matters not whether obedience is yielded to an autocratic ruler, or to a social democratic majority. The full growth of the individual is stifled in either case. We have no right to our comforts at the expense of another. The only labor whose fruits are all good is the labor performed in joy. Government is the source of crime, rather than the safeguard against it. When high-minded individuals ignore it altogether, it will fall by its own weight. It is not to be overthrown by violence; for its own essence is that of force. Only when we entirely eliminate violence from our own natures, will we be free from the governing impulse. Against non-resistance the fiercest tyrant is helpless. Tolstoi's book is a valuable acquisition to the literature of philosophical Anarchy, and will repay thoughtful study.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

LETTER BOX.

G. P., Sacramento, Cal.—It is very acceptable, indeed, and will be used soon.

C. E. N., Boston, Mass.—Note the numbers of your papers; and you will find that you have received them all as far as published. The accident to one of our printers made a little temporary irregularity unavoidable. Many thanks for papers sent.

J. T. S., Provincetown, Mass.—Good. Keep it up on the Wilmans outrage.

Nature has no idle moments.

WORTH REPEATING.

The trouble with Bristow is that he believes that a Republican thief is no better than any other kind of a thief. Naturally enough this view is not acceptable to the average Republican organ and boss.—Fremont (Neb.) Herald-Leader.

The Kenton (O.) Press thinks it is strange that the president neglected to quote from the declaration of independence when he sent that Fourth of July cable to Manila. The Press has seemingly overlooked the fact that a censor has a desk at the other end of the cable. —The Commoner.

When our government sends prayers to the czar of Russia in behalf of the persecuted Jews, then Russia with propriety turns to quote, "Physician heal thyself," etc. We have killed more inoffensive Filipinos while compelling them to submit, twelve times over, than the Russians have killed of the Jews. —Auburn (Neb.) Granger.

Though every act of such censorship, though every "fraud order" yet issued were of such a character as a properly constituted and impartial tribunal would hold to be just—yet the possibilities of its arbitrary exercise and abuse, as at present allowed, are so vast and so likely to materialize that it ought to be forthwith abolished. Immediate and permanent divorce between carrying the mails and practicing police powers should be at once decreed and carried into effect.—St. Paul Herald.

Who can explain how it is that with all the exposures of the lootings by the postal department officials, the railroads of the country and the enormous sums paid to them are going unnoticed? Here is a drain upon the department amounting to millions a year. It is largely a straight steal, and when stealing is being done, there must be confederates in the government employ. Yet the railroad graft goes entirely unnoticed, while the department detectives are exclaiming over four-bit peculations by janitors and scrub ladies.—San Francisco Star.

When Dr. Reginald J. Campbell, renowned London clergyman, was told in New York of the burning at the stake of the negro White at Wilmington, Del., he remarked:

"If I had been near I would have taken a hand myself."

And such bloodthirsty, degenerate brutes have the audacity to palm themselves off on humanity, and fool women in particular, as followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, and representatives of God here on earth.

What a sham and hypocrisy!—People's Press.

"Government by injunction" flourishes in Manila under the American regime. The sentence to six months' imprisonment for contempt of court, for publishing a labor paper, the publication of which had been suspended by order of the court, was the first newspaper news to come over the Pacific cable, just completed, between the Philippines and the imperial republic of which their inhabitants are reeting subjects. Why "government by injunction" should have been adopted out there is not quite clear. More autocratic and summary methods are certainly available. Possibly, however, the American officials prefer forms of tyranny that have become familiar at home and are therefore less likely to shock the American goddess of liberty.—The Public.

The John Hay brand of diplomacy embodies some very peculiar and complex features, in which hypocrisy seems to be the chief ingredient. Certain American missionaries, having been expelled from Prussia on account of their religion, the secretary of state declined to take official action to protect them, on the grounds that this government cannot interfere with another government's right to make such discriminations. In view of this interpretation of international law, what shall be said of this government's action in sending soldiers to China to compel that nation to receive and protect other American missionaries, who were objected to by the people of that empire? The solution of the riddle is simple. The missionaries expelled from Prussia were Mormons—not Christians, as in the case of China. Thus the United States government has made a distinction between two religions, one of which it places beyond the pale of protection. Thus again, the government, in violation of the constitution, makes itself the especial defender of one religious system, to the exclusion of others; and thereby recognizes the de facto union of state and church. Those Freethinkers who boast of our "secular republic" in the face of these facts are strangely blind to the actual condition of affairs. — Winn's Firebrand.

MILITARY MURDER.

Last Easter morning one Hussner, a German military officer, met one Hortmann, a German private soldier, on a street in Essen. As the soldier failed to salute the officer to his satisfaction, Husener murdered him on the spot in cold blood. The murderer was tried by a courtmartial; instead of being executed, he was sentenced to four years imprisonment. Now the emperor has become an accessory to the murder by commuting the murderer's sentence to two years' imprisonment. This "imprisonment" is mere detention, without military duty, in a fortress town, and is not imprisonment at all. Slight as is this punishment, it is freely stated in Germany that the murderer will soon be pardoned by the emperor, and allowed to go free.

It is in Germany somewhat as it was in the days of the first French empire, when life was made intolerable for civilians by the ruffianly officers of Napoleon. They did not hesitate to take a table from a group of civilians in a cafe; to drive a party of gentlemen from a box in the theater, for which they had paid; or to caress any woman whose face pleased them, and if her escorts resented it, to cut them down with sabres. They even had a term of derision for the civilian—he was merely a "Pekin." It is inexpressibly gratifying to read that many a military ruffian of those days was sent to his long home by a plain "Pekin"—some on the duelling field, but more on the spot where the insult took place. It is also pleasing to recall that in our own days, when Warrior Boulanger grossly insulted Citizen Floquet, "le Brave General" was pinked by the "Pekin." And once, when a German officer in Berlin insulted an American lady, an athletic male relative cuffed his ears for him, and when the German drew his sword, the athletic American broke it in two across his knee and threw the pieces in the German's face.—Argonaut.

PENNYPACKER.

Poor old Pennsylvania is to be pitied. She has for governor a puny, pusillanimous piratical "plum tree" pismire by the name of Pennypacker. At the instigation of Matt Quay he used his official position to railroad through the state legislature a new libel law designed to protect from public contempt corrupt politicians. In a long statement, setting forth his reasons for signing the bill, Pennypacker says:

"No self-respecting people will permit such an attitude to be long maintained. In England a century ago the offender would have been drawn and quartered and his head stuck upon a pole without the gates. In America today this is the kind of arrogance which goeth before a fall. If such abuse of the privileges allowed to the press is to go unpunished, if such tales are permitted to be poured into the ears of men and to be profitable, it is idle to contend that reputable newspapers can maintain their purity."

Nobody denies that in England a century ago there was no such thing as a free press. There is no such thing as a free press in Pennsylvania and Russia today. Throttle the free press in America and petty tyrants like Pennypacker will soon have the offender "drawn and quartered and his head stuck upon a pole without the gates."

I agree with Jefferson, that a free press without government would be far better than government without a free press! Those only fear the light whose deeds are evil. The innocent man never quails in the presence of the officers of the law; while the "guilty flees when no man pursueth."

Pennypacker wants to shake the "plum tree" to his heart's content without having a club or editorial brickbat shied at him. He wants to be able to serve his masters without being subject to newspaper exposure. Think of this perfidious pothouse plutocrat posing as a paragon of political purity and masquerading under the garb of injured innocence! Think of the governor of Ben Franklin's state—the state whose soil was made sacred by old Independence hall—crying aloud for such a law as existed in England a century ago, that he might have his newspaper critics "drawn, quartered and their heads stuck upon a pole, without the gates." This is imperialism with a vengeance, and the banner Republican state of the union leads the van.

I am glad, however, to see signs of revolt. The Philadelphia North American in an editorial headed "An Immortality of Infamy" says:

"It would be useless and tedious to follow the governor through his puerile paper. It abounds in false analogies, false facts, false law, false history and false grammar. It is sanguinary, pedantic, misleading and disingenuous from beginning to end. Its ideals are ignoble and its morals are sodden as those of a thrall of the middle ages. It breathes the spirit that animates tyrants and urges the familiar tyrant's plea against free speech and a free press. It would fit the lips of a Torquemada or a Louis XI, and should blister the tongue of any lover of liberty to utter."

The same can be said of the arguments advanced to sustain the reactionary policy of imperialism that is rapidly changing this once glorious republic into an empire; and transforming its starry ensign of freedom into a black flag of piracy and plunder.—Brann's Iconoclast.

INTELLECTUAL SERFDOM.

An editor in New York, chafing under the conditions which bind him, thus pens an honest confession:

"There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is out in the country towns. I am paid for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, before twenty-four hours my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be out on the street hunting for another job. The business of a New York journalist is to distort the truth, lie outright, to pervert, to villify, to fawn at the feet of mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread, or for what is about the same thing, his salary. We are the tools of vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping jacks. They pull the strings and we dance. Our time, our talents, our lives, our possibilities, are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

ARROWS OF WIT.

A certain judge, well known to the present generation of Philadelphia lawyers, was recently invited to deliver an address before the graduating class of a southern law school. As he entered the commencement hall he read on the swinging door the word "Push."

"That's a good text for my speech," he said to himself, as he related the story afterward.

He began his remarks something like this: "Gentlemen of the graduating class: As I entered this beautiful hall a word met my eye which I would wish you all to take as a motto in your professional careers."

Every one instinctively turned to glance at the door, the orator among the rest. There, on the inside, in letters only too easily read, was the inscription, "Pull."

"It was a clean give away," said the judge later; "I'd let the cat out of the bag then, and there wasn't a thing to do but confess."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Neighborton—"What was that beastly racket I heard over at your house about half past two o'clock this morning? It sounded like a boiler explosion."

Roundabout—"Oh, that was only my wife asking where I had been."—Buffalo Sunday News.

O'Hoolahan—"Are the Republicans going to have 'Vote for Roosevelt and a Full Dinner Pail' on their banners in 1904 Oi wonder?"

O'Callahan—"No; they'll be having 'Vote for Roosevelt and a Full Baby Carriage' instead."—N. Y. Times.

She—Gertrude says she will never marry until she finds her ideal. He—What is her ideal? She—Oh, any man who will ask her.—San Francisco Star.

Nearsighted Clerk—Do you solemnly swear to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you—

Horrified Victim — Great Cæsar's ghost, no! I'm the lawyer for the defence!—Baltimore American.

A SUGGESTION.

EDITOR DEMONSTRATOR: Your proposals concerning the Wilmans outrage, in your issue of July 29, are good; and I am acting on them. But, with no other object than success in defense of free speech, which you are making a specialty, I want to suggest another, which, I think, may very probably be worth all the rest.

Let every reader, on the same day he writes to Payne, write also to Mrs. Wilmans, securing legal evidence of his having done so, and legal advice as to what be proof of nondelivery. Let him address Payne in some such form as this:

Sir: I am apprised that letters addressed to Helen Wilmans, Helen W. Post, C. C. Post, Mrs. C. C. Post, C. F. Burgman, and "Freedom," all of Sea Breeze, Fla., are stopped in the United States mail, on the ground that Mrs. Helen W., or C. C., Post (formerly Wilmans), editor of "Freedom," as aforesaid, is alleged to be engaged in a fraudulent business. Should my letter to her of this day's date, mailed here, fail of being delivered (a fact which I have taken measures to ascertain) I propose legal proceedings with a view to learning by what right I, a citizen of the United States, am prevented from corresponding with a person alleged to be engaged in a fraudulent business?

Yours truly,

M. or N.

The strong part of the defenses about Madden's Coward's Castle undoubtedly is an somewhat general belief that a mind curist is a fraud self confessed. I should hardly be doing my whole duty not to say that we weaken our case by pretending to suppose anything else. Our irresistible argument is that (granting an unconvicted fraud to have no rights) we, innocent people, possess an inalienable right to write to a fraud, and to have our letters delivered. Payne must see that; and, amidst all these postoffice scandals, must feel that the time is unfavorable to inviting more trouble. There is, I am persuaded, no statute which authorizes forbidding delivery of mail to a person believed to be a fraud; and that, if there were, its constitutionality would bear no investigation. The direct threat of legal proceedings from a few persons likely to carry it into effect would, therefore, I apprehend, be more likely to bring the postoffice autocrats down than quite a great many protests.

As to the objection that such action by Anarchists is "inconsistent," doubtless it has weight—with those on whose conscience it weighs. Considering the circumstances, it lies no heavier on mine than using the mails at all does. As long as we have to be taxed for a purpose, I see no inconsistency in using the machinery for which our taxes pay to get the purpose accomplished, or else prove the worthlessness of the machinery, either of which exploits would, at least in this case, help us to do what we want done.

C. C. Post receives mail at Essex, N. C., and can be addressed with a view to ascertaining whether the letters to his wife miscarry. C. L. JAMES.

THE STRONG MAN.

No, the strong man is not the soldier on horseback with sabre drawn. The strong man is the man with folded arms who utters the truth regardless of consequences. No one can injure a man who refuses to be hurt; you may kill him but you cannot touch the man in him. He wields a power that he would have to give up if he stooped to physical force. And this fact appeals to all men. I have never seen it expressed in public without carrying the audience with it. And it appeals to savages, too. The Moravians found, strange to say, that it gained the hearts of the most warlike of American Indians more than a century ago. Read King's History of Ohio, the chapter on the Moravian missionaries. "The faith they sought to implant," he says, "was mainly love. . . Strangely the direction thus taken and the sensibilities thus appealed to proved to be precisely adapted to the Indian nature, and had a power which under different circumstances might have made a different history for the red man." Several villages of non-resistant Indians were established with a famous warrior at their head, Glickhican by name, and no one can tell what results might have followed had not a band of 96 Americans massacred them during our revolutionary war. The record of the Quakers in their relations to the Indians in Pennsylvania is also in point. So long as they were true to their principles, Philadelphia was the metropolis of this country, and if their methods had always been applied to our relations with the Indians how much of infamy would have been avoided! And what other religious body can compare with the Society of Friends with its record of labor for the abolition of slavery, the establishment of permanent peace and for the rights of women?

And yet the Quaker type is not quite the ideal type of man. We do not want to be colorless. We wish to escape all suspicion of effeminacy. We want to be above violence and not beneath it. I would rather see two men fight to the death than have one of them back out from cowardice. Franklin was mistaken when he said there had never been a good war nor a bad peace. Every peace based upon fear is bad and many a war has been better than peace would have been, merely because the combatants knew no better. The true peace is that of the man or nation that has the giant's strength but scorns to use it as a giant—that is wise enough to see that the Lord is not in the wind nor the earthquake nor the fire, but in the still, small voice.—The Whim.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

The Washington State Press Association held its annual convention August 25-27, in Victoria, B. C. By way of reciprocity, the native sons of British Columbia met recently in Tacoma.

Nearly all the current, and many of the former periodicals of the state of Washington are to be found on file at the headquarters of the Washington Historical Society, Room 303, City Hall, Tacoma. Visitors are always cordially welcome. Edward N. Fuller, the present secretary of the society, is sparing no pains to arouse a wider interest in local history.

RECEIPTS.

Kellogg, $1; Howe, Koch, Cook, Bancroft, Campbell, each 50 cents; De Maupassant, 18 cents.

TO REACH HOME

Come to Tacoma and take the steamer Tyconda, which leaves Commercial dock daily, except Saturday and Sunday, at 2.30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m.

HOME NEWS.

Ted Mastick is home for a little recreation.

Duncan Pierce, of Burley, came down to see us last Sunday.

The Prochaska, Berger and Thornhill homes are nearing completion.

Last Sunday, August 30, William Magoon gave us a good talk in the park.

Minnie Forsburg, of Tacoma, visited her friend, Macie Verity, last Sunday.

William P. Austin, who has been away for a few months, is home again.

James White, a printer, who was with Free Society in San Francisco and Chicago, came to see us last Sunday.

A party came over from Anderson Island last Saturday night to attend our dance. Our neighbors are always welcome.

Lewis Haiman is running a tonsorial parlor at a little place some twenty miles out on the Tacoma and Eastern Railway.

While taking her old friend (Mrs. Mackay) a piece of the way home the other day, Nellie Mastick thought she might as well go right through with her to Port Angeles. She doesn't expect to stay there long, just yet.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Panama Canal treaty has been rejected by the Columbian congress.

A special train from New York to Los Angeles, Cal., recently covered the distance of more than 3,200 miles in 70 hours and 40 minutes, or one hour and twenty minutes less than three days. This beats the previous record by several hours.

Commissioner of Pensions Ware has received a letter from a civil war veteran in Indiana, withdrawing his application for pension on the ground that he does not need it, and feels that he is not entitled to it. The example is not likely to be extensively followed.

A commission of yellow fever experts, sent out by the Marine Hospital Service, has demonstrated that the disease comes from an animal parasite and that it is communicated only through the bite of mosquitoes. We always felt that promiscuous mosquito biting was not to be encouraged.

Ten men and one woman were recently fined at Philadelphia, Pa., for running amusement enterprises in Woodside and Torresdale parks on Sunday, in violation of the law of 1794. Pennsylvania is ambitious to lead the nation in religious bigotry as conspicuously as she does in political corruption.

Colonel Symond, superintendent of public buildings at Washington, D. C., has recommended an appropriation of $60,000 for a new stable at the white house for the president's horses. Millions of Americans have cause to envy the lot of the horses. The present incumbent of the white house is in no wise bashful about squandering the people's money on his private luxuries.

TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC!

On and after June 1, 1903, the

STEAMER TYCONDA

Will leave Tacoma every day, except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. for all points on Henderson Bay. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m.

Returning leaves Springfield every day, except Sunday and Monday, at 6:30 a. m. Sunday at 1:45 p. m.

Subscribe for THE DEMONSTRATOR.

HOME FOR SALE.

The improvements on four acres of land in Home Colony. For description and terms, apply to W. J. King, Home, Wash.

Contains a full, plain, and easy reading treatise on "Health and Disease, with Recipes," all the average reader can profitably learn of personal hygiene and common diseases (including special, separate chapters for men and women); all right up-to-date, and fully illustrated with hundreds of photo-engravings and chromo-lithographs. Contains also the already popular "Plain Home Talk" about the relations of the sexes and social customs in all ages and all countries, with "original and startling" suggestions for social reforms; newly revised, enlarged, and well illustrated. All is "heart to heart" plain home talk from a clear thinking, plain speaking, liberal minded medical author of over forty years' experience. Nearly 1,000,000 of his former books sold. A curious book for curious people, and a sensible book for everyone. Answers 1001 delicate questions one would like to ask his regular physician and yet doesn't want to.

1248 pages, 400 illustrations (60 in colors), 250 recipes. Price, clothbound, $2, mailed.

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320 pages, illustrated, cloth bound, by mail $1.

American reprint of "The Wife and Mothers Medical Guide," an up-to-date English work, with added illustrations in the text, and twelve artistic and appropriate full page half-tone engravings. The latest and best book for popular instruction on child-bearing and child-caring. Edited for this country by Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr.

MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., 129 E. 28th St., New York.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1896, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the and described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that
has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . , as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement